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STROTHER BROS

A "MODEL FATHER."

Story of a Scheming Tragedian and His Pretty Daughter.

Low Cunning and Selfish Ambition on the One Hand, and Innocent Purity and Dutiful Devotion on the Other.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

The tragedian spoke in quivering tones, and shook hands in token of forgiveness, with so stalwart a grasp that Mr. Weatherley writhed out of his chair with a somewhat ghastly smile.

"Wass the matter?" he inquired, dreamily, as he resumed his seat. Mr. Bassett filled and emptied his glass before the fatherly agitation of his spirit had subsided.

"You are young, dear boy," he answered, "and can not understand a father's feelings. I can not bargain to sell my child for lucre."

"Bassett," said Mr. Weatherley, with vinous tears, "I'm afraid I've made most ungentlemanly proposition" (he called it ulgemptly prition; but Mr. Bassett understood him and nodded a mournful but forgiving assent); "now didn't I, Bassett? And I feel ashamed of myself, and so I ought to, oughtn't I, Bassett?"

"Say no more, dear boy," cried Mr. Bassett, warmly, "say no more."

"You're a noble fellow, Bassett," said Mr. Weatherley. "Have some wine." After renewed hand-shakings Mr. Bassett had some wine, and Mr. Weatherley joined him.

"In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius," said Mr. Bassett, as he touched glasses with his young friend. The butler entering with the lamp at this juncture, Mr. Weatherley demanded more wine, and the man, with an incredulous look at the empty bottles, obeyed the order. In the presence of the light the young gentleman began to blink, owl-like, and in a little while he fell asleep. The elder gentleman smoked and drank with a luxurious air until the decanter of port had yielded its last drop. He then made one or two ineffectual attempts to arouse his host, and finally rang the bell.

"Your young master," he said, addressing the butler, "is slightly unwell. He will be all right in the morning. Upon occasion," he continued, "this is pardonable," waving his hand at Mr. Weatherley's recumbent figure, on which all Mr. Weatherley's garments were making a wrinkled progress toward his shoulders. "As a continuous practice it is to be condemned. You behold in me, young man, one long past the prime of life and as sound as a trout. For—what saith old Adam?—

> "'In my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood,
> And so my age is like a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly.'

I will call and pay my respects to Mr. Weatherley in the morning."

"Very sing'lar sort o' party," said the butler gazing after him as he went with jaunty swagger down the stairs.

"A thousand pounds is a nice round sum, no doubt," said Mr. Bassett as he lit one of his host's cigars. He had taken the precaution to secure a handful before ringing for the butler. "A thousand pounds is a nice round sum, no doubt," said Mr. Bassett, "but an annuity would be preferable—decidedly."

CHAPTER II.

Mr. William Cassidy was over head and heels in love. The fact that this was, and had been for some sixteen or eighteen years, his customary condition effected no abatement in his present joys and sorrows. He had not hitherto approved himself as a faithful or a constant swain, but while the tender passion lasted it absorbed him completely until he was out of sight of the lady, or, in extreme cases, for some half-hour afterward. That he was single at thirty years years of age was his fortune, but his fault by no means. He had excited the tenderest sentiments in the breasts of many young women in various ranks of life; he had proposed to a dozen and had been accepted by some of them; twice he had bought the magic circlet after tender and careful measurement of the proper finger, and twice he had sold it at an appalling reduction. One very small Cockney—brother of one of the neglected ladies—had followed Bill with a riding-whip for days, with the avowed intention of chastising him as his pertidy deserved; but on encountering the culprit, who was big and a notable athlete, had foregone his revenge rather than have his sister's honored name dragged into a police-case. The proclamation of this magnanimous conclusion so affected the false lover that, having first laughed until he cried, he went home with the youth and made a new proffer of his hand and heart to the sister. But the lady (having made matters up with a chemist's assistant in the neighborhood—an old flame of hers who was about to set up in business for himself, and who had been loyal through many reverses) rejected him with scorn, and he went away to enjoy a momentary heartbreak.

He himself believed that with each new attack the symptoms increased in virulence, and he was so far gone on this last occasion that his most intimate and trusted friends began to take and offer (with due caution) odds of ten to one, twenty to one, and the like on the chances of his final settlement.

Mr. Cassidy was an artist of great promise, though not as yet of any very great performance. At times, when his dress clothes were in his own possession, he went into society, and shone resplendent in the midst of circles of gay faces—for he carried good-humor with him wherever he went, and people caught it as if it had been an epidemic—and made butterfly love to heiresses with unabashable, beautiful Irish impudence. At other times, when, from circumstances over which he had exercised no control, he was for the time deprived of society's conventional evening garb, he stopped out of society, and spent his evenings at the Cannibal Club, where the head-waiter was always willing to give credit.

The Cannibals were artists, actors and journalists, and taking them altogether, they were a charming set of people. The elders were singularly kindly and lovable and mellow-hearted, for it was a rule with the shallower sort of man to leave the Cannibals when he succeeded in life, and to put up for the Roscius or the Eclectic; and so only the better sort of oldsters, who had some spring green left under the winter white, stayed behind. Mr. Cassidy was on familiar terms with all of them, more or less—the sad-faced, sad-voiced, mild-mannered man who had written a hundred screaming farces, the genial and amiable author of "The Lust of Blood," the lightest-hearted old man in London (and the crawliest work yet printed), *et hoc genus omne*.

But on a certain summer Monday evening none of these likeable people were within the Cannibal precincts. The waiter lounged by the buffet at one end of the room and yawned portentously, his only amusement or distraction the killing of occasional flies with the professional napkin, and Mr. Cassidy, in a terribly despondent state of mind, sat at the center-table and turned over the pages of an illustrated journal with unusually bilious opinions about the artists engaged upon it, nearly all of whom were his personal friends.

The fact was that Mr. Cassidy had that afternoon (after suffering the pangs of love for the unheard-of period of three months) screwed his courage to the sticking point and proposed. The lady (whose father was also a Cannibal) had accepted him, and it seemed probable that Mr. Cassidy was fairly caught. The pitcher goes often to the well, but at last it comes home broken. It was not this reflection which filled the accepted lover's heart with gloom. In the ardor of the chase, he had pleaded to be married in three months' time, and his plea had been granted. At that moment he carried all his worldly wealth in his waistcoat pocket, and it amounted to one-and-sixpence. In these circumstances, even an Irishman might well feel sober for an hour.

Almost everybody was out of town at this season; the theaters, most of which were open to Mr. Cassidy at most times, were insufferably hot and stuffy; and Mr. Cassidy had nowhere to go, nothing to do, and nobody to talk to. At that moment he would have welcomed the advent of his bitterest enemy, if he had had one, and at the rattle of the door he looked up with interest.

"Aha! Mont, me boy, ye're looking jolly. How are ye?"

"Dear boy," said Mr. Montgomery Bassett, shaking hands with ponderous cordiality. "And how is town? Stands Scotland where it did?"

"Scotland Yard's where it used to be," returned Mr. Cassidy, brightening visibly. "Ye'll have been in the country among the daisies and the milkmaids, eh, my boy?"

"A fortnight's run at Oakenham," responded Mr. Bassett. "The usual thing. Coriolanus, Macbeth, Hamlet; Hamlet, Macbeth, Coriolanus. House crammed every night, and brimming over. Hot? The very memory of it burns my throat. George! whisky and soda. Scotch. What do you take, dear boy?"

"Mont, me boy," said Mr. Cassidy, when each was provided with a full tumbler, and they sat facing each other, "I've news for ye." He was so full of his own secret that he would have sprung it on the waiter had he been left lonely for another ten minutes, and was almost ready to stop strangers with it in the street. "I'm going to be married. What do you think of that?"

"You always were, dear boy," said Mr. Bassett.

"Now, don't," said the artist, with a grimace half peevish and half droll. "I'm a gone man this time. It's as fixed as the transit of Venus, and as safe to happen."

"And who," asked the tragedian, "is the happy woman?"

"It's that that fixes it," replied Mr. Cassidy. "She's a Cannibal's daughter."

"Quite a family arrangement," said Mr. Bassett.

"Quite. It's Matilda, the only and accomplished daughter of Horace Leverett, Esquire, scenic artist, of Maida Vale."

"Stick to it, dear boy," cried the tragedian. "All happiness attend ye. I have my little budget of news also."

"Ye don't mean to say you're going to get married?" cried the artist.

"Not I," returned Mr. Bassett, "but my little gyurl. William, dear boy, *you* threw sheep's eyes in that direction once. She might have done worse than take you, but in a worldly sense—in a worldly sense, dear boy—she has improved upon anything at the Cannibals'. I received last night—only last night—an offer for her hand from the most manly and charming young member of our landed gentry with whom it has been my good hap to be acquainted. It is not a secret, for the thing will be in the *Scourge* next week. The happy man—I think I may call him so without vanity, dear boy—the happy man is Mr. George Weatherley, of the Grange, Oakenham."

"Whew! That's a catch," said Mr. Cassidy. "I know him. He's worth fifteen thousand a year."

"Five-and-twenty," said Mr. Montgomery Bassett, tranquilly. Not that he knew anything about it, but it was pleasanter so.

"And what does the young lady say?"

"She confessed her attachment," said Mr. Bassett, artlessly. "The young fellow has been following us about for a year. He tried to make it appear that he followed me for the sake of my acting. Of course, dear boy, I saw through that from the first."

"Of course ye did," replied the artist, perhaps with a readier assent than the actor had meant to ask for.

"The presentation of Hamlet strikes a responsive chord at times," said Mr. Bassett, "but that chord rarely vibrates for a year together. I began to observe. I watched the gradual growth of affection on both sides. Last night I was on the point of demanding his intentions when he anticipated me by a proposal. I carried the news to Mary, who accepted it with that modest joy which characterizes a cultured English gyurl under such circumstances. It is a relief to me, dear boy; for, now that I have no one to toil for, I shall bid the boards farewell."

"They're fine news, Bassett," said the friendly Irishman. "The lad's a nice lad, and the girl's a good girl. I drink their health and long life to them."

"Thanks dear boy," responded Mr. Bassett, who was visibly affected. He blew his nose to reveal his feelings, and put away his emotion and his handkerchief together. "By the way," he asked, "can you tell me the address of that fellow, Cameron?" He spoke with some severity of tone, and Cassidy asked, in turn:

"What Cameron? Jack Cameron?"

"That's the man's name. I want to find him."

"His address is the same as mine," answered Cassidy. We live in the same house, use the same sitting-room, and paint in the same studio. Jack and myself are like the swans of Juno, or the Soyamese twins."

"Thanks, dear boy," said Mr. Bassett, who, for some reason, looked less at ease than he had done a moment before. The clock striking a half-hour at this moment, he made a solemn reference to his watch, and arose from his seat. "I go—the bell invites me. Farewell, dear boy. Farewell."

"What's your hurry?" demanded Cassidy. "Stop and take another."

"Impossible, dear boy, impossible," said Mr. Bassett, regretfully. "Affairs of State. Is Cameron in town?"

"He's been away a fortnight, but we never write letters to each other unless we want to borrow money, and that's mostly a poor chance," said Cassidy. "But talk of the devil—Jack, me child, we were that instant talkin' awee your character."

Enter the identical handsome young man who the night before, in a country lane a hundred miles from London, had ruffled a pretty girl's hair and the heart of a father and a rival. Now this handsome young man was evidently in the gayest spirits. His face shone with smiles, and his eyes sparkled. The very carriage of his head betokened jollity and freedom from all care.

"How do you do, dear boy?" asked Mr. Bassett, shaking hands with a look of embarrassed hurry. "I've something of consequence to say to you. Shall you be at home to-morrow at noon?"

"I've something of consequence to say to *you*," said the young fellow, with a light-hearted laugh. "Shan't I come to your place?"

"No," said that tragedian, hurriedly. "I call on you at twelve to-morrow. Ta-ta, dear boys; ta-ta."

Mr. Montgomery Bassett dashed into the street and roared "Cab" in a voice of mellow thunder, to indicate the pressure upon his time. Cassidy and Cameron sat down together.

"What have ye been doing?" asked Gassidy.

"Working," said the other, with a sly, happy look at his friend's face.

"Where?"

"Down at Oakenham."

"All the time there?"

"All the time there."

"Then ye'd meet old Bassett. He's been playing there, he tells me."

"No, I didn't bother myself about old Bassett."

"Then ye don't know the news about his daughter down there?"

"Gad!" said Jack. "Has he found it out?"

"Found it out?" replied Cassidy. "It dosen't seem to be much of a secret. It's a grand match for her." Jack Cameron's eyes fairly danced at this.

"He didn't tell you who it was, did he?"

"Faith, then, he did," said Cassidy dryly.

"But I've news nearer home. I'm going to leave ye, chum of my childhood. I'm going to be married meself."

"Not you," said Cameron. "Come, come, Bill, old man, my case is serious, and I expect to be congratulated. As for you, I'll congratulate you when you're married, but not before."

"*You're* going to be married, are ye? It's as catching as measles, and everybody seems down together."

"You absurd old idiot," said Jack, shaking him by the shoulders, laughingly. "Didn't you say Bassett had told you?"

"About his girl? Of course I did."

"And told you whom she was going to marry?"

"So he did."

"Well?" said Cameron.

"Well," responded Cassidy.

"Well," whom did he say?"

"Young Weatherley, at the Grange at Oakenham."

"What?" cried Jack. "The liar!" But he had turned pale for all that.

"Jack, I'm afraid this'll be bad for ye."

"Pooh!" said Jack. "The girl's as true as steel, Bill, and she promised me last night."

"Bassett," answered Cassidy, "said 'twas last night she promised young Weatherley. He says 'tis all arranged, and will be in the peepers next week. Jack, Jack, me boy, I'm sorry. They're all alike. He's worth twenty-five thousand a year, Bassett says." His gay, good-natured, handsome Irish face was troubled. "Be a man and forget her, Jack."

"You don't know her, Bill," said the other, striving to speak naturally and lightly. "The little girl's as true as steel, and everybody knows Bassett. He's the greatest liar unhung."

"Then he'll be none too creditable as a father-in-law," said Cassidy. "Let her go." He began to relate the tragedian's story at full, but Jack stopped him.

"You believe Bassett?"

"Be George, I do, then," answered Cassidy. "And since she's like that, you're well escaped."

"Well," said the lover, looking straight into his friends eyes, "I don't believe Bassett, and I'll believe nobody but the girl herself. I shall know in half an hour."

"You're going there?"

"I am."

"Then I'm with ye. I'll wait outside till ye know." The two set out together, and walked in silence for a while. "What will ye do if it's true, Jack?"

"It isn't true!" Cassidy looked at him, and saw in the gas-light that his face was as white as a sheet.

"Jack, it might be. It may be. It's a great temptation. Why would he lie for nothing? What'll you do if it's true?"

"Do?" cried Jack. "Whistle her down the wind! But—true? It's as big a lie as the world holds anywhere. I *know* it. The little girl's as true as steel."

The emotional Irishman felt the tears sting his eyes.

"'Twill be a heavy trial," he said to himself. "The lad's heart's fresh and tender and gentle, and he'll feel it bitterly."

They said no more just then on either side. From the Strand to Bloomsbury Square is not a great distance, and the two young men walked fast.

"I'll walk up and down this side of the square till ye come back again," said Cassidy. Jack crossed the square and rang the bell at the door of the house in which Mr. Montgomery Bassett had apartments.

"Is Miss Bassett within?"

"Yes, sir," said the maid.

"No," said Mr. Bassett, appearing from a side room, and taking a hat from the stand in the hall. "I expected you, Mr. Cameron," he added. "I had reason to believe that the news I gave Mr. Cassidy this evening would bring you here if he repeated it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—An extraordinary freak of lightning is mentioned by the San Francisco *Alta* as having occurred at Waverly, Australia. The galvanized iron roof of a house was struck, twisted and crumpled beyond repairs, and "carried completely off and down the gully." None of the family were injured.

—Mammont, Cal., once a flourishing and populous mining camp, is now without a soul within its extensive limits.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

HUDSON, N. Y.

A City Which Is to all Intents and Purposes a Rhode Island Colony.

It is not generally known that the city of Hudson, New York, was founded by a colony consisting of several respected residents of Providence, belonging to families still deservedly prominent in our local history. The two most active in the work of settlement, about 100 years ago, were Thomas and Seth Jenkins, and the object of the voluntary exile, as we learn from an interesting contribution in the Hudson *Register*, was to seek a site for commercial purposes on the North, or Hudson River. A granddaughter of Seth Jenkins, now dead, has left a letter, in which she states:

"While visiting Nantucket some years ago, I found an old paper among the archives of that city, giving this account of the pioneer enterprise to Hudson: 'Seth and Thomas Jenkins, of Nantucket, sailed from Providence to New York to find a place of settlement on the Hudson River.' On their arrival at the City of New York they called upon Colonel Rutgers, an old friend of my grandfather, to whom they unfolded their plans, whereupon Colonel Rutgers proposed that they should buy his farm. They talked over the matter, and finally concluded to make him an offer, which they did. After some day's negotiation they came within $200 of striking a bargain, but at this point, no concessions being made on either side (both were obstinate), and as neither would yield further, the trade fell through, and they started up the Hudson, reconnoitering all the way up until they came to Claverack Landing, where they finally purchased and settled."

The two merchants appear to have scanned the ground carefully and taken note as to where on the river they could find the most advantageous site for commerce. They foresaw, with a sagacity not frequent in that day and generation, that in the vicinity of New York would center the traffic of the continent, and that the wharves of the East would in time be deserted for the superior facilities offered by the great river which made Manhattan an island. It was not by any chance that they settled upon the site of Hudson. According to Winterbotham's history, they found the stream up to that spot navigable for vessels of any size, and perhaps they dreamed that they were founding a city that would attract the commerce of Europe and of the Indies. Their dream, if such it was, has not been realized; but Providence has no reason to be ashamed of her thrifty and flourishing colony which constituted one of the most substantial communities in the Empire State of New York.

The mayoralty of the new city, which was incorporated in 1785, was held for many years in the Jenkins family. Seth held the office until his death, in 1793, and was succeeded by his brother, Thomas, who also held the position until his death—consecutively for fifteen years. Robert Jenkins, son of Seth, succeeded Thomas, and, with a lapse of two years, was Mayor until his death in 1819. Like their kinsmen in Rhode Island, they embarked early in domestic manufactures, Robert, and his brother Seth and John F. Jenkins establishing the first manufactory of cotton fabrics in the State of New York, at Columbiaville. They also owned vessels which carried their goods to the principal markets. Under the enterprising direction of the Jenkins family, Hudson rapidly grew in prosperity, until it became the third city in the State. While it has since been outstripped by some other municipalities, it has never lost the sound and solid character impressed by its founders.—*Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

HER LITTLE MAN.

The Nearest Approach to Heaven the Love of an Honest, Faithful Heart.

"Here comes my little man." The voice sounded pleasantly on my ear, and I turned to look at the speaker. She was a ruddy cheeked woman of some forty years, plainly but neatly dressed; a clean, comfortable looking body. She was standing at the garden gate of a small house, and the words spoken were not spoken to any visible person. I then looked ahead, and lo and behold! her little man was approaching. He was a little, feeble looking body, rather shabbily dressed, with a little round red nose and little twinkling eyes. I should put him down as a clerk with a by no means gigantic salary. There was nothing romantic or particularly lovable in his appearance, but at the moment the face of the woman was beautiful to look upon by reason of the pleasant and strong affection that beamed from it. "Her little man." He ought to have been proud of it, and I dare say he was.

It is good to be somebody's little man, or big man, if you like that better—to feel that your heart is filled, and not empty and withering for want of the glory of the warmth and light of true love. If, as many of the poets have sung, the nearest approach to heaven is true and honest love of one dearer than all, love that never wavers and is returned in all its satisfying fullness, what a long way from Heaven must an old bachelor be, with his heart full of nothing but missing shirt buttons, smoky club rooms, cheerless lodgings and vixenish landladies.

We laugh at the pictures of those old bachelors sewing on buttons and making their own gruel, but some of these pictures darken into a very somber background, as the weary and uncared for old fellows gradually drop into petulant decay.

Nobody's little men. I know some of them by sight. Day after day they may be seen wearily plodding through the same streets, with the same pipe and the same umbrella, and the same look of grim dissatisfaction on their faces. Deeper down dip the corners of their mouths, higher up go their shoulders and thinner grow their noses and cheeks. They go home and there's never a kindly soul with a pleasant smile or kiss or word of love. Nobody's little man.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Pride of Character.

"Register and I'll accommodate you, sir," said the keeper of a one-horse hotel in a wayside place to a traveler from the city as he applied for a room.

"Never mind that. I'll pay in advance."

"But you must register."

"No, I'll be sizzed if I do."

"Why not, sir?"

"Some friend of mine might happen this way some day, and I wouldn't have anybody that knew me find out I'd ever degraded my manhood by stopping at such a confounded beastly place as this for a thousand dollars, sir. No, sir; money wouldn't induce me to take such an awful risk, sir. I'm poor, but gad, sir, I've got a little pride of character for all that."—*Chicago Ledger.*

KEEPING MUM.

Curious Speculations on the Origin of the Common Phrase.

In the fifty-third chapter of "Don Quixote" the Barber says: "Por mi, doy la palabra bara delante de Dios de no decir laque veuftra merced dixere a rey no a roque." Literally: "As for me, I give my word before God not to tell what your Worship shall tell me to king nor to rook," which latter clause is a Spanish phrase meaning nobody. Shelton, the first English translator, in 1652, has rendered it, "neither to king nor to kaiser" (emperor).

The French translators say, "a roi ni a roc." The Dutch have rendered it, "I shall tell it to neither cat nor king." Yet none, not even Cervantes himself, quoted the proverb correctly, which should be rendered, "Before God and your Worship, I'll tell neither king, knight or rooks."

I ascribe its origin to Sacchetti's pleasant novel of the Curate of Valdipea, who often played at chess with a gentleman of his neighborhood whom he used to checkmate five times out of six, notwithstanding which the gentleman would not only allow it, but often boasted of his score with the curate. One day it happened that the curate checkmated him in the middle of the chess board with nothing but a knight and two rooks. This the gentleman, ashamed and displeased, would not allow, which the curate perceiving, ran to the bells, which he began to ring. The peasants, hearing the alarm ran toward him in crowds and wanted to know what was the matter. Said the curate to them, "I want you to see and bear witness that I have given him checkmate in the middle of the board with a knight and two rooks!" The clowns began to laugh, saying, "Master curate, you make us lose our time," and went away. This the curate repeated so often that the peasants at last paid no attention to the ringing of the alarm bell. At length the curate's house took fire and the peasants, hearing the bell, said one to another, "The curate is again playing chess; let him ring; he had better mind his prayers." And so the house burned down. The next day the peasants apologized, saying, "We thought you were playing at chess;" to which the curate answered, "I was playing at chess with the fire, which has given me checkmate and ruined me."

From this incident, doubtless, arose the common proverb, "Non e tempo da giuocar a scacchi quando la casa brussia;" or in English, "It is a time to leave off chess when a man's house is on fire."

The former proverb must have had its origin in the exclamation of the defeated friend of the curate: "Explain the secret of mating in the middle of the board with only a knight and two rooks, and as for me, I give my word before God not to tell what your Worship shall show me, not even to king, knight or rooks."

It is strange that this anecdote, with a curious problem involved, should have been criticised in all languages and yet stood the test of centuries before anyone thought of the simple and common-sense plan of utilizing the chess board and finding out how to checkmate the black king in the middle of the board with only a knight and two rooks. It is a pretty little problem, the solution of which does much toward explaining the exuberant spirit of the victorous curate.—*Chessman, in N. Y. Telegram.*

CHEAP MONEY.

The Woman Who Mistook the Character of a Broker's Shop.

She pushed her way through the little crowd of ex-capitalists that was congregated about the "ticker" and set her shopping-bag down upon the counter with a slam.

"I see by the papers that money is cheap," she began.

"Never so cheap as at present," replied the broker, affably.

"How are you selling tens?" she continued.

"Tens, madam?" said the broker in surprise.

"Yes, ten-dollar bills. Where do you keep them? This doesn't look at all like a bankrupt sale. I expected to find them in little baskets ticketed: 'Anything in this basket $5,' and so on. Have you any remnants—quarters, halves, and all that—at a great sacrifice? What is the cause of this fearful reduction, anyhow? Must you close out your entire stock of money within the next thirty days, regardless of cost, to make room for fresh goods? Or is your stock damaged by fire?"

"We have some stocks that are damaged by water that we can let you have at a very low figure," said the broker.

"Yes? By the way, you didn't tell me what you get for the ten-dollar bills."

"O, wine and cigars and theater tickets," said the broker, absent mindedly.

"I mean, how much do you sell them for?"

"Ten dollars."

"Do you call that cheap?"

"Yes, I do," growled the financier. "I've seen the time when I had to pay $15 for the use of ten on my personal note at thirty days, and it was dirt cheap, too, considering the security. What did you expect to pay?"

"O, not more than five. I'm looking for bargains. Good morning."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Mannerism.

"Billings ought to be ashamed of himself," said Alf Rainey.

"Why?" Spellers asked.

"He knocked me down."

"He did?"

"Yes, he did."

"What for?"

"Because I disputed his word."

"Was that the only cause?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you say something else?"

"Not a word."

"Perhaps he did not like your manner."

"May be he did find fault with my manner-isms."

"What did you say?"

"Told him that he was a blamed liar."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—If walking alone is adopted as the means to counteract the effect of too much sitting, then care should be taken that system enters into the walk. A slow, desultory sort of walk is of no earthly use; it simply tires one without any beneficial result. The walking should be brisk, with the head up and the chest thrown forward. The breathing should be regular and as free as the swing of the limbs. The distance is optional, of course, but two miles ought to be no task for the man who wants to improve his health. The distance can be increased as the pedestrian begins to feel the benefit of the walking.—*N. Y. Star.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A Baltimore street vender invites the liberal patronage of passers by with a sign on which is inscribed the feeling invitation: "Kum buy or Ile bust."—*Baltimore American.*

—"If a man could only catch fish as easily as he can lie about it!" laments a Texas editor. He could, if he only understood fishing as well as he does lying.—*Chicago Daily Business.*

—The actual number of persons engaged in agriculture in the United States, including their families, is placed at 25,000,000, an increase of 3,000,000 since the last census.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The Yuma tribe of Indians, in California, has decreased from 6,000 souls to 1,500 since their contact with the whites. Yuma understand from this that they do not take kindly to civilization.—*Norristown Herald.*

—It is not the sole aim of people in this world to endeavor by hook or crook to place each other under the yoke, and it is no excuse for the grabber and jobber of to-day to say that his exploits may be equaled or surpassed by somebody else in the future.—*Chicago Herald.*

—During the American civil war five hundred horses were destroyed or rendered useless for every twenty-four hours. The Confederate army was crippled for want of horses, while the Northern army was able to secure its supply from the Dominion of Canada.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—The Italian coral fisheries employ 4,200 fishermen, who annually secure 56,000 kilograms of coral, valued at $840,000. The manufacture of this coral into beads and crosses, in which form it finds its way to every part of the world, adds millions every year to the wealth of the Italian people.

—The little town of Lafayette, Chambers County, Ala., is taking on airs. A horn is blown at six o'clock in the afternoon as a signal for the closing of stores, and a few minutes thereafter scarcely a soul is seen on the streets. The boys play base-ball from six o'clock until dark.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun.*

—The London *Truth* gives the following original observations on astronomy from a sermon of a Welsh curate preaching to an English congregation: "A starr-is but a l'dl dot in the skyee. Saw many starrs mek one plannat. Saw many plannats mek a constelesshon. Saw many constellesshons mek one miikee we. Six milkee wes mek one rorriborriallis."

—In the *Outing* there is a good argument in favor of the tricycle for the health and pleasure of girls and women. The argument is full of both theory and fact. The fresh air, the exercise and the inspiration of these wheeled toys are better than any three doctors. The tricycle costs less than a trip to Newport, and is much more valuable.—*Chicago Current.*

—It is related of a distinguished lawyer who observed that his wife always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner, being loath to lose so much precious time daily, he commenced the composition of a work which he prosecuted only while he was thus kept waiting. The result was at the end of fifteen years a book in three volumes quarto, which has met with a large sale and is much needed.—*Tidbits.*

—The hedge-hog is very fond of fruit, and adopts a curious way to obtain it. It is known that they often climb walls and run off upon low boughs, and instead of scrambling down in the same manner, they boldly make the leap from the top to the ground, sometimes ten or twelve feet. They coil into a ball in the air, strike upon their armor of spines and bound away unharmed. In taking this jump, they have been seen to strike upon fallen fruit, which, thus impaled upon their spines, was carried away by them.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The first of the five-inch breech-loading rifle guns built at the Washington Navy Yard for the new steel cruisers was recently tested at Annapolis with powder invented and manufactured by a prominent American powder maker. This gun, designed by the Naval Ordnance Bureau and built of American steel, developed an initial velocity of over 1,900 feet a second, with a pressure of only twelve and a half tons per square inch, which is better than has been done by any other gun of its size.—*Washington Post.*

—An almanac three thousand years old, found in Egypt, is in the British Museum. It is supposed to be the oldest in the world. It was found on the body of an Egyptian, who had doubtless regarded it with as much reverence as he did the Egyptian Bible—"The Book of the Dead"—and, indeed, it is strongly religious in character. The days are written in red ink, and under each is a figure, followed by three characters signifying the probable state of the weather for that day. Like the other Egyptian manuscripts it is written on papyrus. It is written in columns.

—It is a singular fact that the population of France is decreasing instead of increasing. The mortality among infants belonging to the poorer classes is appalling. So, also, is the death rate among the orphans or foundlings left to the charge of the communes, who are placed out to nurse, and drop out of life in large numbers during the first year of their existence. This can hardly be wondered at when babies in the first year of their existence are paid for at the rate of only six to fifteen francs a month, and of this sum of from four to ten sous a day the nurse is supposed to lodge, feed and care for the child.—*N. Y. Sun.*

WHY HE FAILED.

A Kentucky Teuton Who Mistook Emotion for Stuttering.

"Mr. Yager," said the young man, "I come to ask you for the hand of your daughter."

"Der 'handt' fon mein tochter. Fur why you say der 'handt' fon mein tochter? You dinks Katrina only vone handt got? You vas peen a fool. Katrina got dwo handts."

"Well—yes—excuse me. I—I—I of course mean two hands."

"'I—I—I!' You peen a schtutter feller, eh? I no schtutter feller in mein family vant. I dinks it vas petter ouf you gone home und learn dot schtutter pisness schtop."

"Excuse me, please; but——"

"Dere don'd vas no oexuse fur dot schtutter pisness. Ouf dot Gott make you dot vay, you don'd gan'd hellup it, dot vas so; aber it vas petter ouf you don'd got marriedt und don't no schillern haf. How you dinks dot look out you a house full schtutter schillern got, goin' all der time 'I—I—I?' I purdy near got schtutter meinsellef dalkin' mit you. Go vay mit yoursellef."

And the young man then went away with himself in great sadness.—*Kentucky State Journal.*